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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1740.

Choice Poetry.

THE PHANTOM.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Apart I sit within the mansion,
In the still, familiar seat;
And shade and sunshine chase each other
On the carpet at my feet.

But the unseen hearth-stone here wreathed sparkle
To the moments that are past,
And the yellow rain at twilight lingers
Thus where I saw them last.

They return to share the sunshine wholly
That I took the hours from now;
With whatever sad shade of pain
Or sorrow may endow.

And many look remembered form,
Within the flowing room,
Vanish, that make the unseen seem
All over that were in bloom.

They move in silent air over
The music not loved to hear;
They bend my name with tenderness portentous
With former passion near.

And while my footsteps to the entrance
Hear shadows of the door,
How could wonderful welcome
Come back to the same more!

And if imperfect or not welcome
Conscious of my pain,
I wish me but be nearly left me,
And never will come again.

Why stays without, unbroken, a moment
The cross-bar of the door?
I know the vision of my memories
Will not enter if it be closed.

Oh, flattering form! I credit thy homage,
Lest some genuine shade see
My cheeks confess the blush of rapture
Her coming brings to me!

So I sit long, but in a whisper
Breathe her name aloud,
And gazing through the quiet shadows,
A vacant seat I see.

And "Yet the whispering pain that melts me,
That some dear one may be near,
And no unkind heart may still control her,
Will not appear.

Then I know my presence with many musings
As sweet a time beloved,
Her face a reverie of the departed,
Yet neither passes true.

Original Novelet.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER:

OR,

THE FATAL VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "VIVIA; OR, THE SECRET OF POWER," "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE FAMILY DOOM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in October A. D. 1854, by Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FAINT HOPE.

And he arise from the sweet repose
Calling and ever going,
And he is gone, and he is gone!
And ever pursued the star above.
Wordsworth.

Since the morning of her ill-starred marriage, Miss Norris had become like a waning moon, and the bridegroom now with dismay his fairy bride vanishing gradually, vanishing from his sight. There was no very marked disorder, no visible sign which was to announce the fatal chrysalises, who were to successors announce to her relief. Very observer in the pathology of the human heart, very one of the most delicate and subtle of the human organization knowledge that can snatch out the secret sick, from which the further it to might shrouds the deeper from sight.

Once indeed while she was sitting with her maid and Mrs. Wough, suddenly and unexpectedly mentioned Cleudy's name, saying that she should like to see him again, as Dwight had that he believed he would have blown his brains out if it had not been for Thurston, and he was very much obliged indeed that he had been permitted to do so, because he thought that he was very pleasant company. Considering from the tenor how there were in the world she had left, Aunt Mrs. Hemingway was astonished at the remark, and looked forward to the time when Mrs. Wough would be obliged to go to Saga Sonet, who had turned very pale, and dropped from her seat to the floor, where she lay silently quivering and gasping, like some poor wounded and dying bird.

They hastily remedied from this time forth never to name Cleudy in her presence again.

And the commander's wife, who never stick upon the floor, and emphatically thanked God that Miss Grimshaw had not been present to witness her aggravation and her shame.

And Jacqueline waned and waned. And the Hemingways, and Mrs. Wough with them, experienced, "Change of air and scene—physician's company—theatre! amusements!—excitement," Mrs. Arrington in Washington was recommended. And the little invalid was consulted as to her wishes upon the subject. "Yes," Jacqueline said she would go—anywhere, if only her sister and Miriam would go with her—she wanted Miriam.

Mrs. Wough readily consented to accompany her favorite niece to the metropolis to see if change of air could bestow Miriam. So to make sure of it she called blessing Miriam, to make sure of it.

And the very next day that the weather and the roads would admit of travelling, Mrs. Wough took down to Old Fields to see Miriam and to make the necessary arrangements for their journey.

The suggestions took the young girl by surprise; there were several little ties and hindrances to her immediate acceptance of the invitation, but she thanked her friend sincerely, and finally Marian begged a day to consider of it. Mrs. Wough assented that he should have her to be consulted, and the task leave, saying,

"Remember, Helen! that I thank your accept my invitation, and that your refusal will likely to be more beneficial to your Lagoing Marian and Mrs. Hemingway, therefore I expect, therefore, pray decide to go with us, if possible."

Marian deprecated such reliance upon her lonesome abilities, but expressed her strong desire to go, for the good she imagined it would effect for the invalid, and made little doubt that she should at the least be able to attend her. She would then hope, Mrs. Wough kissed her and departed.

The very truth was, that Marian wished to her aunt's company, but hesitated between going to leave home for what seemed to her to be no long a journey, and for so long a period. In fact, Marian was not now a free agent—she had suffered too true will to slip from her own possession into that of Thurston.

She had not seen him during all the wretched weather, and her heart now yearned for his presence. And that very afternoon Marian had a most pressing errand to visit the Hall, to purchase groceries, which the little family had got entirely out of during the confinement of the storm.

There was no certainty that she should see Thurston—still she hoped to do so, but was for bear disappointed.

He overtook her a short distance from the village on her road home.

Their meeting was a very glad one—heart sprang to heart and hand to hand—and neither affected to conceal the pleasure that it gave them. After the first joyous greetings, and the first earnest and affectionate inquiries about each other's health and welfare, both became grave and silent for a little while. Marian was collecting how to propose to leave him for a three month's visit to the gay capital, while thinking that Thurston himself was perplexed with the question of how to break to her the news of the necessity of his own immediate departure to England for an absence of at least six or eight months. Marian spoke first.

"Dear Thurston, I have something to propose to you, that I fear you will not like very well, but if you do not, speak freely; for I am not bound."

"I—I do not understand you, love? Pray explain at once," said he, quick to take alarm where she was concerned.

"You know poor little Jacqueline has fallen into very bad health and spirits? Well, her physicians recommend change of air and scene, and her friends have decided to take her to Washington for part the remainder of the winter. And the little creature has set her self's fancy upon having to to go with her. Now, I think it is some sort a duty to go, and I would not willingly refuse. Nevertheless, dear Thurston, I dread to leave you, and if you think you will be very lonesome this winter without me—if you are likely to miss me one half as much as I have so well you these few days weeks, I will not leave you at all."

He put his hand to his head to his face, and pressed it, and would have carried it to his lips, but her wished little pets suddenly jerked away.

"My own, dearest Marian," he said, "my fresh, generous love! if I were going to remain in this neighborhood this winter, or even this season, I fear, for others' good, would indeed to be tempted to part with you."

It was not Mrs. Norris to change color, and falter in her tones, as she asked,

"You—you are going away?"

"Sweet Marian, yes! A duty—a necessity has imperative to be denied, summons me."

"How long will you be gone?" she inquired, anxiety.

"I will explain. You have heard, dear Marian, that after my father's death my mother married a second time."

"Now I am not proud of it."

"She did, however—her second husband was a Scotchman, the friend with him was a Scotchman, and titen died, leaving him one child, a boy six years of age. After my mother's death, my step-father left Scotland, and came to live with him my half brother, and bring me with her grandchild. And as I was then a mere child, I gradually ceased between us. Within this week, however, I have received letters from Edinburgh, announcing the death of my step-father, and the perfect destitution of my half-brother, who is left friendless in a foreign city. I am at present staying with the clergyman who attended him in his last illness, and who has written me the letters giving me the information that I now give you. Thus you see, my dearest love, how imperative the duty is that takes me from your side. Yet—What! tears, Marian! Oh, love! you do not grieve so sadly to the word, and I will not leave her. I will send money over to the lad instead."

"No, no! it is not that—it is not your kindness, your sympathy for a stranger, or to his own grandmother—for the poor desolate lad, and never thought of it. Oh, Thurston! you do not know what orphanage in childhood is, dear Thurston, and how I feel for the poor boy. Send home. And if he lives with you, I will do all I can to supply his mother's place."

"Dear girl! your generous, noble, my heart so longs to press you to itself. A plague upon these letters that keep us so far apart! Oh! wish we were on foot!"

He rose up, walked faster. Presently, Marian's rested free nigger, as has to speed the utmost.

Then Miss Marian sat with the child in her lap—its little arms around her neck, its flushed cheek against her own.

Marian, do has that child down, or spoken to us. You fatigue yourself to death with it. Let it go!"

But Marian held her face with such a wistful look of entreaty in the direction of the child.

Marian, you spoil that child—it put her down!"

In vain, mother, and let me take comfort in carrying the baby. If I like to—and I do like it—I have a right to indulge my own fancies, I hope! beating on near my own—and her little arms still fasten, tapering on my bosom, seems to me as if I were nursing my own baby, and it is a true side, had I do take blessed comfort in it. Mother, you must not deny me this, and I trust that sister as she spoke: and the soft and baby light bounced from her face, as she beat it lingering on the cheek.

The next morning, when Marian left the house for the Locust Hill, Edith took her leave upon her lap, to tease what she called a sermon talk with her.

Marian pressed to an since the little girl's generosity, she told her that Marian was really going to leave the city. That young lady then were anxious to go to Washington, as it was considered a very fine thing to go there. Edith was very sorry part with her friend, but that it would give Marian a great deal of pleasure, and that she was very glad to hear that the little girl's eye rounded not keep her at home, but it would make her very unhappy to have Marian and Jacqueline both to leave them at once. Marian whisper?

Edith was ordered to Jacqueline, endeavor to persuade her to go, and brilliant soldier of war and business, to choose away the sullen sadness of the poor sick girl's mind.

And, truth to tell, soon filled, fleeting stories had, after that, been with fore—and Edith's eyes brighter—and more frequent as she talked the early anxiety thy gave to thy tenderness. Marian, who had left the nursery, to Edith's Thurston sleeping himself in the light of eyes—and Marian, above upon him, fixed upon him with a look of deep, even to tears.

Marian was pleased the child to her bosom—and sought by every sweet caress and tender epithet to soothe her emotion, she could not beat to find that little childish heart swelling and throbbing, and slumbering against her own—and she tenderly tried to quiet her—scented her of her food love, and her speedy return from the city, and told her of the wonderful things that she would bring back for her baby—the picture-books, and the dolls, and baby houses, and the pretty new clothes. But nothing could console the child, unless Marian would give up the journey. And with strange pertinacious between her tears and sobs and gasps, she would plead.

"Don't go! Oh, Marian, don't go! *Please* don't, Marian! Oh, pray don't, Marian! I pray—I pray you not to!"

The excessive emotion might perhaps have arisen in the bosom of the earnest, passionate child at the thought of parting with one so kindled to her heart as Marian was, if it certainly surprised and perplexed her friends.

And so for Jessie, the old woman stood and gazed with open mouthed amazement.

"Yes-deed, may do ee was chooses, you sure, my dear, decisively, at last of my little child was to take on so loud my poine are, whereby I wouldn't stay a minute, deed not."

"Nonsense, Jessy, children mustn't be spoiled in that manner," said her mistress.

"Betsy well deed! I beers tell, deed that 'bout not spoilin' chillun—take care grown folks don't spoil themselves, deed!"

"Why, Jessy, you wouldn't have Marian stay home merely because the child cries for her?"

"Deed no! Yes, indeed!" said Jessy, positively, "case she ee no reasonable, and no to common 'sensin.' Don't consign in it?"

"Nonsense!"

"Don't she her is! Flowers. You done think 'cause she's heart smart, long of yer book larnin', that she got, mastery little endless in indeed—yes! Her gets she wisdom 'cordy from book quarters, she does! Ef I was Miss Marian, I stay step-child home, and no fear it be painful anxiety.

"And you, Jessie, you wouldn't have Marian stay home merely because this child cries for her?"

"I will explain. You have heard, dear Marian, that after my father's death my mother married a second time."

"Now I am not proud of it."

"She did, however—her second husband was a Scotchman, the friend with him was a Scotchman, and titen died, leaving him one child, a boy six years of age. After my mother's death, my step-father left Scotland, and came to live with him my half brother, and bring me with her grandchild. And as I was then a mere child, I gradually ceased between us. Within this week, however, I have received letters from Edinburgh, announcing the death of my step-father, and the perfect destitution of my half-brother, who is left friendless in a foreign city. I am at present staying with the clergyman who attended him in his last illness, and who has written me the letters giving me the information that I now give you. Thus you see, my dearest love, how imperative the duty is that takes me from your side. Yet—What! tears, Marian! Oh, love! you do not grieve so sadly to the word, and I will not leave her. I will send money over to the lad instead."

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1855.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4th, 1821.

WEEKLY EDITION BETWEEN 90,000 AND 95,000.

The long period of over THIRTY-THREE YEARS, during which the SATURDAY EVENING POST has been established, and its present immense circulation, are guarantees to all who may subscribe to it, that they will receive a full return for their money. Our arrangements so far for the coming year, are such as we trust will be thought worthy of the high reputation of the Post. POSITIVE ARRANGEMENTS already have been made for contributions from the pens of

MRS. SOUTHWORTH, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. DENISON, MARY IRVING, E. L. SPROAT, MRS. CARLEN, FANNY FERN, and A NEW CONTRIBUTOR (whose name by request is withheld)

In the first paper of January next, we design commencing the following novelties:—

SIX WEEKS OF CHRISTMAS.

By Mrs. EMILY F. CARLEN, author of "One Year of Woodcote," &c. &c.

We purpose following this with an original novelette—designed to illustrate, substantially, the good EVILS OF INTEMPERATE DRINKING, entitled

THE FALLS OF THE WYALUSING.

By A New and Distinguished Contributor.

We also have made arrangements for one series, to be entitled

THE ONEIDA SISTERS,

AND

THE NABOB'S WILL,

By Grace Greenwood, author of "Greenwood Leaves," "Hope and Melange," &c.

Also the following additional considerations:—

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES,

By Fanny Fern, author of "Fern Leaves," &c.

MARK, THE SEXTON.

A Narrative, by Mrs. Denison, author of "The Step-Mother" "Home Pictures," &c.

NANCY SELWYN,

OR,

THE CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

A Novelette, by Mary Irving.

And one last by no means least—from the fascinating and powerful pen of the Poet's own exclusive contributor,

VIVIA,

A STORY OF LIFE'S MYSTERY.

By Mrs Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "Vivian," "The Lost Heiress," &c. &c. &c

In addition to the above grand array of contributions, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of ORIGINAL SKETCHES, LETTERS, DESCRIPTIONS OF LIFE AND MANNERS, TALES, &c., and of SELECTIONS from All Sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS AND AMUSING MATTER, Wash-day Receipts, Cookery, Good Medicines, Bank Notes, Fortune Telling, &c. &c.

Our object being to give a Complete Record, so far as our limits will admit, of the Good World.

ENGRAVINGS.—In the way of Engravings we positively promise one (and two usually) each of an illustrative and the other of a humorous character.

The Postage on the Post to any part of the United States, paid quarterly or yearly in advance, to the office where it is received, is only 26 cents a year.

TERMS.—The Terms of the Post are: Two Dollars if not paid in advance. For Five Dollars in advance, one copy of each three years. We mention the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country, to one Post Office:

4 COPIES,		$5.00 PER ANNUM.
8	And one to the getter up of the Club,	$10.00 "
13	And one to the getter up of the Club,	$15.00 "
20	And one to the getter up of the Club,	$20.00 "

Additions to Clubs.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, and always when the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A Few Agents are wanted—and persons will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please not to apply for the Post.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the Post-Office as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed from, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust that each of our old friends the Post-masters, or Clubbers, will feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, will show our Prospectus to other individuals, and respectfully persuade persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

NOTICE.

Our Western friends will please not send us any of the notes of "*Free Banks*" of Illinois, as our brokers buy them only at a very heavy discount—and then, not readily.

They are safely send Gold, by carefully pasting or otherwise attaching the pieces to the letter sheet, and using a good envelope.

THE COMING YEAR.

By a reference to our Prospectus for 1855, in the preceding columns, our readers will perceive that the arrangements already made for the coming year, are unsurpassed by any publication in the country—and we hope that the patronage of the past will be continued, in proportionately great.

In view of the large amount of business which generally crowds upon our clerks during the month of January, we trust our friends would oblige us by sending in their club and other subscriptions at as early a day as convenient. We would much prefer that work into December which usually overloads January, it would be the better basis for ourselves and our customers.

We trust that many of the Post-masters of the country—many of whom have often to the Post through the hour, and deadline, a direct connection with the Post Office, will kindly work out to our behalf to their neighbors and relatives.

THE CRIMEA.

The news is somewhat unfavorable to the Allies—though by no means of a character to be despondent. It must be remembered, however, that the Russians have greatly the advantage in position, and that the Allies have to be as much equal, if not superior to those of the Allies—but there is addition one of the strongest of the Russian fortresses, Sebastopol, which cannot be assailed by the fleets of the Allies, and which can be approached by the land forces only from the north. This position is almost impregnable, and cannot be taken by storm. The investment, lasting in Italy, Poland and Hungary, has been a long one, and it will be years to be would prove very little of a conquest—and the Allies are fully aware of the immediate station of Germany. Even as it is, Austria seems to waver, while Prussia almost openly favors Russia. The Allies have already taken the resources of the power supposed to them, both in men and money, and have only the good cause, and talent in warm water to depend upon for success. The effect is not surprising as to the money, as the Russians would be far more put to it to the rear of the Allies—but the former have proportionately to weight. For this reason, the Allies must have the best of the war, and will be sure by the end. For the real weight is inferior to that which the Allies can bring to bear. For instance. It is needless to remark that the Emperor is only mobilized his cattle intended for fatherland—and would be compelled to leave to create, as well as to Austria, there are farms who—on account of the proximity, are known to the name of agriculturists—and whose presence to often given to small items to begin with. Even when the Emperor by fairies shows of the sulphuret of antimony is also somewhat green daily. It has become thus the Emperor's stock of sulphuret of antimony—for—more than eighteen months—when an to reduce it to powder, and to mix it with oil, or on a small range of fresh soil. Most of them observe the same plasters which plaster on the portions a part in popular literature is suggested, or considerably diminish the quantity of arsenic which the male of the species. It will be who use it to facilitate the mounting of the teeth, the habit of the women of stocking, only out regard to the lower period.

I cannot refrain from alluding here to an extraordinary occurrence which has taken place in real journals, if I mistake not, towards the end of 1862, or the beginning of 1863.

A domestic of a country seat in the north of France, desired to rid himself of a superintendent whom he found too severe. For this purpose he mixed arsenic with the food of a lady for a considerable length of time, hoping to be able to avoid a certain number of murder by the slow operations of the poison and of the symptoms which resulted from it. To his great astonishment, he beheld the lady gaining rather for several months, in flesh, appearance and spirit. Fomenting that the said dose produced a contrary effect to that which he designed, he mixed a much larger quantity with some fricasee chicken. The violence of the symptoms speedily produced by this dish led to the discovery of the criminal of poisoning, and of the author, who was arrested. In this case we see the same phenomena presented to the toxicologist of our countries.

At the time of my first communication on this subject, I was acquainted with arsenic-eating only in a small district of Lower Austria and Styria, since then I have received communications from other and highly respectable sources, from which it appears that the use of this poison is pretty generally spread in the mountainous districts of Austria, of Styria, and especially at Salzburg, and in the Tyrol, among the chamois hunters. M. Schneider, in his work on Chamois Hunting (p. 203, 1854), speaks of this, and refers to the large doses of arsenic which are sometimes taken by persons without evil effects. While this article was in the printers' hands, the following very interesting communication from Styria was received, and highly respectable source. M. [illegible] Aerzte

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1854.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ANOTHER TERRIBLE BATTLE.

By the Baltic, at New York, we have Liverpool dates to the 15th. The U. S. Secretary of Legation in Paris, came in her as bearer of despatches.

GREAT BATTLE BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.—*French Account.*—Gen. Canrobert's official report of the battle of November 5th is published in the *Moniteur* of the 13th. He says:

The Russian army, swollen by reinforcements from the Danube, as well as by the combined reserves of all the southern provinces, and animated by the presence of the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas, attacked yesterday, November 5th, the right of the English position before Sebastopol.

The English army sustained the attack with the most remarkable firmness and solidity. I supported it by a portion of Gen. Bosquet's division, which fought with admirable vigor, as well as by the troops which were nearest to the English position.

The enemy, who far outnumbered our force, beat a retreat, with a loss estimated at from 8,000 to 9,000 men.

The struggle lasted the whole day.

At the same time Gen. Forey was forced to repulse a sortie made by the garrison, and under his energetic command, the enemy were driven back into the place, with a loss of 1,000 killed and wounded.

This brilliant day, which was not purchased without considerable loss by the Allies, does the greatest honor to our arms.

The siege continues with regularity.

"(Signed.) CANROBERT."

English Account.—English advices from Bucharest, of the 10th, state that, on the morning of the 5th, Prince Menschikoff's whole army attacked the English position. A sanguinary battle ensued, which lasted till four in the afternoon. The Allies obtained a decisive victory.

There were severe losses on both sides. The English took many hundred prisoners. Generals Butler, Adams, Bentinck, Torrens, and it was said, also, Gen. Sir G. Brown, were wounded.

Up to Tuesday afternoon, 14th, no official account had been received by the English Government...

[illegible]

...would have been established at Arrow Bay or Cherson. But advices of the 27th, state that it has been re-decided to retain Balaklava.

THE TURKISH RETREAT.—A letter written at Paris, says: "The military men here do not join in the outcry against the Turks, attacked as they were by an overwhelming force, and they even express a wish that for a time the English had been less courageous. We now learn, by private telegraphic despatch, that the Turks have solicited the honor of being allowed to lead the assault. This offer will, without doubt, be declined, for, brave as the Turks may be, so difficult and dangerous an enterprise can only be trusted to French and English soldiers."

NARROW ESCAPE OF ADMIRAL HAMELIN.—During the bombardment of Sebastopol on the 17th ult., a Russian shell burst on the stern of the Ville de Paris, the flag ship of the French Admiral, and the poop was knocked to pieces. By a kind of miracle Admiral Hamelin, though knocked down and stunned, was not injured, but of his four aides-de-camp one, M. Sommeiller, was killed, and the others were wounded, as well as several other persons who were standing near. M. Bouet Willaumez, the chief of the staff, escaped as fortunately as the Admiral. The aid who was killed was cut in two; another had both legs broken, the others were not seriously injured.

FRANCE.—The Paris Moniteur has a conciliatory editorial on the subject of Mr. Soule's passing through France.

The following official despatch is published: "Paris, Friday.—The visit of Lord Palmerston to this city will be an official mission concerning the policy of France and England in case of an attack on Cuba by the United States."

Mr. Soule was in Paris on the 7th, *en route* for Bordeaux.

We find the following in the London News, which confirms the report that the Soule difficulty has been settled: "It gives us the most lively pleasure to be enabled to state with certainty that all danger of any misunderstanding between the French and American governments, in consequence of the recent refusal to allow Mr. Soule to pass through France, is at an end. A frank and prompt representation on the subject, made by the resident minister of the United States at Paris, was met in a courteous and amicable spirit by the French government, and mutual explanations having taken place, the order was rescinded, and Mr. Soule invited to pass through France on his way to Spain. We believe that we are warranted to add that the tone and deportment of the Emperor of the French throughout the discussion of this affair have been most gratifying to the Americans. The manly and sensible conduct of the Emperor in the matter is as honorable to him as the prompt and judicious manner in which he put an end to the malicious gossip about timid 'counsels.'"

SPAIN.—On the 8th instant the Queen opened the Cortes. In her speech she declared that she adheres to the principles expressed on July 25th, and that she would continue to respect liberty and the rights of the nation, and she hoped that by the administration of proper...

[illegible]

THE MORMONS.

THEIR VIEWS---THEIR WIVES.

We always can make up a readable column from the Deseret News, which comes in packages once a month. The News, of the 5th of September, says:

President Brigham Young must be a spirit-rapper, if we are to believe his statement as to how he gained wealth. In a lecture at the Tabernacle, he said:

"Thousands of dollars worth of property in houses and lands, which the Lord gave me, are now in the East, in the hands of our enemies. I never said they were mine, they were the Lord's, and I was one of His stewards. When I went to Kirtland I had not a cent in the world, for previous to this I had given away everything I possessed, that I might be free to go forth and proclaim the plan of salvation to the inhabitants of the earth. Neither had I a shoe to my feet, and I had to borrow a pair of pants and a pair of boots. I staid there five years and accumulated five thousand dollars. How do you think I accomplished this? Why, the Lord Almighty gave me those means. I have often had that done for me that has caused me to marvel. I know as well as I know that I am standing before you to-day, that I have had money put into my trunk and into my pocket, without the instrumentality of any man. This I know to a certainty."

So too with President Kimball, who says:

"As for my going into the immediate presence of God when I die, I do not expect it, but I expect to go into the world of spirits, and associate with my brethren, and preach the gospel in the spiritual world, and prepare myself in every necessary way to receive my body again, and then enter through the veil into the celestial world. I never shall come into the presence of my Father and God, until I have received my resurrected body, neither will any other person, and I doubt whether *all* those who profess to be saints will ever be gathered with the spirits of the just in the spiritual world; but they will be left where they attain to. The righteous are gathered to the spirit world to prepare for the resurrection of their bodies."

We have seen it stated that the property of a male Mormon, at death, goes to the church, not a penny being reserved for his harem of wives even, or for his children. President Heber Kimball, in a discourse, is reported as follows:

"Do you suppose I am afraid of the world? No. I have nothing to do with the world, with the devil, with any of his servants, nor with his commandments. All that I have to do with is the Saints. I belong to the Kingdom of God, with my family, and everything I possess on earth, or in heaven, it is the Lord's, and I am His servant, and I devote all I have to Him, and to His cause, and it is all at the service of this church and people. I have said it to my family, and I say it now—when I have finished my course pertaining to the flesh, I am going to deed all my property to the church; my wives, my children, shall not have it to quarrel...

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

THE CABINET.—The story published in the Herald, with so much circumstantiality about the reconstruction of the Cabinet, is utterly false. Neither the change indicated, nor any other change has been thought of.

Mr. Buchanan will resign his post, the resignation to take effect in August next, but instead of returning to the United States, it is his purpose to pass the following winter in Italy.—*Telegraph.*

MISSOURI.—The "St. Louis Democrat" says: "Senator Atchison is at present engaged in the upper country, organizing a secret society, to consist of five thousand persons, pledged to repair into Kansas, on the first day of the election held there, to vote slavery into that territory." The Democrat declares that it has authentic and reliable information upon the subject.

ILLINOIS.—The latest statement of parties in the Illinois Legislature, is given thus by the Chicago Tribune: Senate, 14 Anti-Nebraska, 10 Nebraska. House, 42 Anti-Nebraska, 20 Nebraska, with 13 Representatives to be heard from. The Seventh Congressional District was thought settled in favor of Archer, Whig, by the last statement, but the St. Louis Republican gives Archer 1,532, Allen 1,585, making 53 majority for the latter.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Complete returns make the vote for Governor stand thus: Washburn, Whig, 27,010; Gardner, American, 81,-383; Wilson, Free Soil, 6,759; Bishop, Dem., 14,593. All the Senators elect are Americans, and the House will contain 1 Whig, 363 Americans, and 1 Fusion.

PENNSYLVANIA.—It is stated that Governor Pollock has tendered to Col. Andrew G. Curtin the post of Secretary of the Commonwealth, and that he will accept it.

NEW YORK.—It is a singular fact that while for Governor, Clark, Whig, received 156,770 votes, and Seymour, Dem., 156,455, the combined vote of Ullman and Bronson amounts to 156,156, thus showing a curious division of the people into three nearly equal segments.

OHIO.—The National Know Nothing Convention, recently held in Cincinnati, was fully represented by delegates from every State in the Union. Among the more prominent delegates who were in attendance, were Messrs. Clayton, of Delaware; Ullman, of New York; Broom and Conrad of Philadelphia, and Lumsden, of New Orleans. The utmost harmony prevailed. It is said that important changes were made in the Constitution, a new ritual adopted, and a thorough change in the pass-words, though it is denied by others. The Presidential question was not before the Convention. Doubtful.

DEATH OF CHARLES KEMBLE.—On the 11th of the present month, Mr. Charles Kemble died in London, at the age of seventy-nine, having been born in November, 1775—the same year that his celebrated sister, Mrs. Siddons, made her first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

TOBACCO.—Prices are steady for both Leaf and Manufactured, but the sales have been ... way.

WINES.—Are scarce and prices tending upward.

WOOL.—The market has been very quiet since our last notice, but prices are unchanged. The sales comprise ... lbs within the range of 30 to 50c per lb, 6 mos, for pulled and fine Saxony, including 200,000 De Laine Wool on private terms.

FREIGHTS.—To foreign ports are dull. Some engagements to Liverpool have been made at 6a7d per bushel for Grain, and 25s 6d per ton for heavy goods. To the South there is very little offering. Colliers command $2,10 a2,25 per to Boston, $1,60a1,75 to Rhode Island, and $1,15 to New York.—*Inquirer.*

HAVE YOU A DISEASED LIVER?

☞ The question, though startling, is sufficiently suggestive, when the fact is taken into consideration that diseases of the Liver have become most alarmingly frequent in the United States. Indeed, there are few formidable diseases that are not in some way traceable to a deranged state of that important organ. Many of the complaints usually classed under the head of Consumption, have their origin in the Liver. "Any remedy that would insure regularity and healthful action in the Liver, would be a blessing to mankind!" has been the exclamation of thousands. That remedy has been found; it is safe and sure. When a fair trial has been afforded it, it has never been known to fail.

Reader, have you any disease of the Liver, or disease which you believe proceeds from hepatic derangement? Lose not a moment, but purchase a box of Dr. M'Lane's Pills, and they will restore you to health. It is the only remedy yet discovered, in which implicit confidence may be placed.

☞ Purchasers will be careful to ask for Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Liver Pills, and take none else. There are other Pills, purporting to be Liver Pills, now before the public. Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills, also his Celebrated Vermifuge, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in the United States and Canada. 26

ALMANAC.

Dec, 1854	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
2 Saturday,	7 19	4 41	12 10	
3 Sunday,	7 20	4 40	1 21	
4 Monday,	7 20	4 40	2 2	
5 Tuesday,	7 21	4 39	2 42	
6 Wednesday,	7 21	4 39	3 33	Full [illegible]
7 Thursday,	7 22	4 38	4 33	Last 12 1 15
8 Friday,	7 22	4 38	5 15	New 19 4 48
9 Saturday,	7 23	4 37	6 3	First 26 7 33

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JOSEPH BUDD, to Miss MARY J. ALLEN, both of New Jersey.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, Mr. H. M. SWARR, to Miss ELLEN, daughter of S. Toby, Esq. all of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Hurne, ORLOW BURR, of Henrietta, N. Y. to Miss EMMA BOULTON, of Philadelphia.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.
Of FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
Of MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
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Of F. HAGAN & Co., Nashville, Tenn.
Of S. W. PEASE, 28 West Sixth St., and 29 East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized traveling agents.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ROSS, CAMBLOS & Co., STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.

No. 30 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

		Bid	Asked		Bid	Asked
U S 6's	'56	105	—	Man & Mechs	29	30
"	'62	111	—	Bk of Com	69	71
"	'67	118½	—	Camden N J	90	—
"	'68	118½	—	Georgetown	62	65
Philada 6s		98	98½	Trent Bk Co	31	—
" 5s		84	—	Pitt'bg Bk	50½	57
Penna 6s		100	—	M & M Pitts	58	60
" 5s		78	79	Exch'ge Pitts	55	—
Kentucky 6s		107	—	Com, Cin	15	—
Tennessee 5s		93	94	Louis, Ky	103	—
Illinois 6s		—	—	Kentucky Bk	99	100
Cincinnati 6s		93	95	Northern	—	100
Texas T Notes		39	40	Union, Tenn	—	94
" Bds 8s		50	—	Planter's, Tenn	—	94
Schuyl N 6s		74½	75	Vicksburg	9	10
Lehigh N 6s		98	99½	Com, Natchez	—	—
C & D C 6s		85	—	N Lib Gas Lt	110	110
C & Am R Bds		84	85	Schuyl Nav	19	20
Bea Mdw R 6s		80	82	" pref'd to	27½	27½
Susqueh C 6s		62	—	Lehigh Nav	61	64
Norrist'n R 6s		92	—	C & Del C	—	—
Harris R 6s		88	88½	Morris C	10	10½
Wil R 6s		—	—	Penn & Ohio C	90	—
Read R 6s		74½	75	Union C	8	9½
" Mort 6s		81	85	Cam & Am R	140	—
U S Bk Shares		3	—	Penna R	40½	40½
N Amer Bk		—	140	Bea Mdw R	36	37
Penna Bk		110	111	Lykens Val R	15	—
Philada Bk		120	128	North Am C	—	14
Far & Mec		64	—	Susqueh C	—	9
Commercial		—	50½	Norristown R	57	57
N Liberty		60	—	Harrisburg R	50	—
Mechanics		—	27½	Reading R	32	35
Southwark		79	—	Wilmington R	32	31
Kensington		70	71	Minehill R	66	61½
P Township		31	36	N Liberty Gas	22	25
Girard		10	10½	N W Min Co	—	25
Western		65	—	Lg Island R	11	11½

NEW YORK MARKETS, NOV. 25.

COTTON.—The market is without animation, and prices tend downward, the prices from abroad being unfavorable.

FLOUR.—Our market for Western and State Flour is 6½c easier and dull. Demand limited for export, and home trade buy sparingly. Better grades are held at former prices, but are dull. The sales of Western Canal are 5,000 bbls at $8,31a8,62 for common to good State; $8,81a9,31 for mixed to good Michigan, Indiana, and common to good Ohio, and $10,75a11,62 for extra Genessee. Southern Flour easier, especially the better grades, these are freely offered. Sales of 1,800 bbls at $8,75a9,31 for mixed to good standard brands, Baltimore, Alexandria, &c., and $9,75a10 for fancy to extra brands. Rye Flour firm at $6,75a7,50. Buckwheat Flour is in limited request at $4,12½a4,37½ per 100 lbs. Corn Meal is...

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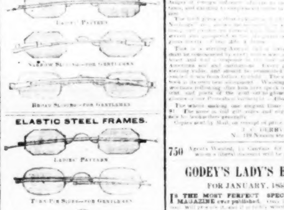
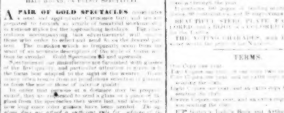


ELASTIC STEEL FRAMES.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

[illegible]

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Monthly Summary of Current Events,
AND OF
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Vocal and Instrumental Music,
AND A
Plate of the Paris Fashions.

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GOLD LEVER WATCHES.

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

JOHN BROWN:
OR, A PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I've a sermon I can quote,
I've a text to suit a friend,
And a frosty little christmas at my house, John Brown;
I've a carriage at my door,
With the fat o' corruption on,
And a speedy trip a-wee of from the town, John Brown;
I am rich and in my prime,
By my station's economy,
Large of heart, though of very small calculi, John Brown;
I've room and drink a-plenty,
In my house, as you can see,
And I'll tell you what I have, and what I have, John Brown.

I have the song of birds,
And the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice, now and sweet, John Brown;
And I taste a balm grateful,
And the scent of a comfort rose,
And strongsome and licensing and sweet, John Brown;
I love the mumbler Science,
And the letter in the bottom,
And I love my own neighbor's pelt, John Brown;
And I hate a selfish Lunacy,
And a proud, conceited story,
And I hate what's rather heavier than bad, John Brown.

I hate a single song
That makes enormous strong,
And the vocal o' large' that mates John the Saint, John Brown;
And I hate the constant whine
Of the foolish who repine,
And turn their gaud to evil to compensation, John Brown;
But cross when I hate,
It's man my conscience sees,
And survey the world around me and above, John Brown;
For indeed I've more to love
And I laugh for heaven hard,
And am thankful to those I cannot Love, John Brown.

So if you like my work,
And the round o' my days,
I can tell you I have a universal, John Brown;
I never more my health,
Nor feel my soul for wealth,
Nor flattery one day the pleasures of the next, John Brown;
I've parted with my pride,
And I've cast the worry side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be mad, John Brown;
I have a position good at least,
And I mention it, candid, and to the point, John Brown.

Selected Sketch.

BATHING IN THE EAST.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

No scene can warm, unless with keen zest.
To be quiet to common pool, more fast.
Emerson

We shall not soon set out from Damascus—we shall not leave the valley of the Abana (Pharpar) through the seas of the Ishlag; wherein if fate befall—behold consenting; day to the Bath, that material agent of peace and good will unto men. We have bathed in the Jordan, the Nile, and the Dead Sea; should be no true sea whether Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, are better than the waters of Israel.

The Bath is the "peculiar institution" of the East. Coffee has become colonized in France and America; the Pipe is a cosmopolite, and has found favor even beyond the Arctic Circle, or in the languid isle in the soft air of the Polynesian lakes; but the Bath, that sensuous creature which realized the dreams of Plato, and the visions of Zoroaster, and the no less sensuous Mohammed, is only to be found under an oriental sky. The naked statues of the Greek nine are simplicities. Here do not look for them in nature. The Europeans and Anglo-Americans wash themselves, and think they have bathed; their shoddy whiter cold showers, and their bituminous ablutions with coarse towels. As for the Hydropathic—the Genius of the Bath, whose shrine is to Damascus, would be beheld that aqueous Diogenes sitting in his tub, so stretched out as he was swaggingly, like a noblest baloney, in a cubicanti of luxuries and fruited beds. All the nose in the East has a rarer perfume than in other lands so does the Bath become a superior pleasure and impart a more profound enjoyment.

Listen not into the lamentations of travellers, who complain of the heat, and the steam, and the deterioration of their health. They have dig to the subterranean generation, who seek the pleasures, whereunto the Oriental yields herself body and soul. He who is bathed in Damascus, must be as clay in the hands of a potter. The Servant marvel how the Franks can walk, scramble, go to the bath their person. Moreover, they know the difference between him who comes to the Bath out of mere idle curiosity, and him who has been duly delighted and bath; or in the house. Only the latter is permitted to know all we do unknown. The former is crudely hurried through the ordinary forms of bathing, and if any trace of the coal set remain in him, it quite as likely to be discovered in dressed. Again, there are many who come and their rate tube, whether shedding dragoman conduct their visitors, in consideration of a division of the spoils with the Bath-keeper. Hence it is that the Bath has received bad partner at the hands of hundreds in the East. If any one doubts this let him circle himself with Oriental pessimism and resignation, go to the Hammams-Khaiyeen, at Damascus, or the bath of Mahmoud Pasha, at Constantinople, and demand that he be properly bathed.

Come with me, and I will show you the way. Through the narrow streets of the bazaars a heavy somewhat arch opening upon the crowded bazaar. We descend a few steps to the marble pavement of a lofty octagonal hall, lighted by a dome. There is a jet of sparkling water in the centre, falling into a large stone basin. A platform about five feet in height runs around the hall, and on this are ranged a number of marble couches, with their heads to the wall, like the pallets in a hospital ward. The platform is covered with straw matting, and over the wooden gallery which runs above are suspended towels, with blue and crimson borders—the towels of the bath, woven in the Kashmir looms. We kick off our slippers in the hall, and mount the steps to the platform. Under the towels, in fresh linen, who has put them there? We know not, and we know from that fact what sort of a bath he is to get.

As the work of disrobing proceeds, a dark-eyed boy appears with napkin, which he holds before you, that you may slip off your drawers, and so no vigilant eye protected from. Another attendant draws off a napkin from the pile, and wraps a third around your head, turban wise. He then thrust a pair of wooden clogs upon your feet, and, taking you by the arm, thunders out inflicting and clattering steps, as we pass through a low door and enter a small chamber into the first hall of the bath. The light, falling dimly through a cluster of bulls-eyes in the domed ceiling, shows first, a stone thread of water, playing in a steamy atmosphere below, some dark recesses, and then stretched out on a low central platform of marble. The attendant spreads a linen sheet in one of the recess places, places a cushion at one end, takes off our clogs, deposits us prone on our backs, and disappears. The heat is intense, the smells are and the first sweats on some grim of a season of hallucination. But a bit of burning incense in the brazier, and the steam is permeated with fragrance. The dark cloud that appears with each breath which in glorious beauty as, suffering the moist warmth to be undisturbed by lips. The Smoke we inhale has no flavor of cooper, and the pipe hitherto with not breathing, we feel that the first whiff of the Latakia is sweet. The attendant now re-appears, kneels beside us, and gently kneads us with declarations. Although we understand, he knows every motion and stance whose suppleness gives ease to the body, and its muscular and nervous life. By that we lose the rigidity of our membranes, and become pliable to his hands. He draws upon the back, and leaves us a little longer to taste the purity, gathering in our own skin.

We are aroused from a reverie about nothing by a dark swarthy shape, who replaces the clogs, puts his arm around our waist and leads us into an inner hall, with a steaming tank in the centre. Here he lays us down on a marble ledge, over head and ears in the fiery Bath. Once more we dip into the delicious heat, and then we are again marble attendant and sealed flat upon the floor. The attendant shoots behind us, and we expect to be left alone, but are encased in each foot gloves. He presses upon an arm, each to calm until, like a surgeon, we struggle to escape our skin, and resume our inherent smoothness and fairness. No man can be called clean, who has bathed in the East. Let him wait directly from his accustomed bath and self-respect with towels to the Hammam-el-Khaiyeen, and the attendant will exclaim, as he chases out his face grows—"Oh, Frank! it is a long time since you have bathed." The other are follows, the back, the breast, the legs, until the work is complete, and we know precisely how a horse feels after he has been curried.

Now the attendant turns two cocks at the back of the alcove, and holding a basin alternately under the cold and hot stream, floods us at first with a fiery flush, that soon a delicious warm sheet through every nerve; then, with milder applications, lessening the temperature of the water by semi-tones, until, from the highest key of heat which we can bear, we descend gradually down the gamut until we reach the lowest base of coolness. The skin is by this time in excellent an exquisite sensibility, and answers to these changes of temperature with thrills of the purest physical pleasure. In fact, the whole frame seems purged of its earthy nature and transformed into something of a finer and more delicate texture.

After a pause, the attendant makes his appearance with a large wooden bowl, a piece of soap, and a bunch of palm leaves. He squats down beside the bowl, and, apparently ignorant of our presence, lathers, which grows up to a perfect mountain of lather, which grows up to a perfect and topples over the edge. Then, with the palm leaves full of hair upon our chests, he plants the foamy bunch of discs full in our face. The world vanishes; night, and big, moist, delicious lather fills our nostrils and breathing are cut off; we have become mummified. Some have this is better than the actual world and forty times as delightful; but, in the evening under the completion that I can't tell for my life which side of my bread is buttered.?"

A Bull Going to Church.—In one of the hilarious parishes of the county of Cork, the Rev. W. Jay, just published, he tells a story of a bull entering a church where the Reverend Mr. Gregory was preaching.

The congregation was large, and just as the service was about to commence, there was a sudden outcry and consternation. All was confusion; the people treading on one another, &c. It was found that a bull had entered the church, and was quietly grazing on the grass that covered the floor. Then one will find that the bull was not to be found